

troopers are said to have gathered evidence that four persons were seen in the neighborhood where the bodies were later found, which fits in with the theory based on statements of residents who heard screams and shots and saw automobiles speeding away.

**DETECTIVE'S TRICK WINS RE-TRACTION FROM SCHNEIDER.**  
A trick of Detective Totten brought the retraction from Schneider. Totten says he never did believe Hayes was guilty. He went to the jail Wednesday night and talked to Schneider in the visitors' room for more than an hour. Then he turned out the lights and sat smoking with Schneider.

Suddenly he accused Schneider of inventing the murder story and Schneider promptly admitted it was a lie and that he had intended to tell the truth from the moment he saw Mrs. Hayes, her husband and other son come to the jail. He said to himself:

"My God, this is an awful thing I have done. I've been pals with this boy for years." Then he heard the mother's sobs and decided then and there Hayes soon would be free.

"Happy" Bahmer, son of Nick and brother of Pearl, was brought in late yesterday with a prospect of being held in connection with the murder.

"Where were you on the night of Sept. 14 when Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills were killed?" was solemnly and impressively put to him.

"Easy," replied "Happy" with a grin. "I was in the workhouse, mister." And so he was, spending a matter of five days for overlooking the Volstead restrictions. It was such a perfect alibi he was told he could return to his father's near-barber.

Somewhat about the Prisoner's office took the trouble to look up the workhouse records after he had left and discovered that, though he had been sentenced on Sept. 12, he had been released Sept. 13 when his father went to the Court House and paid his \$15 alternative fine.

Detectives were sent out again after him to-day, so that he can be asked why he thought it necessary to tell a lie for an alibi.

Clifford Hayes, a having a wonderful, and would only be human if he paused to hug in his sleeve at some of his fellow creatures. The ovation did not end with his arrival home from jail. Automobiles scurry about with pleasure. "Hayes is home. Welcome to you, Hayes!"

The plans for the Justice for Hayes Tag Day to-morrow have not been affected by his vindication. The proceeds above the amount of his counsel fees and the bill for printing the tags and posters will be given to a local charity.

A mass meeting of the residents of the Sixth Ward, in which Hayes lives, has been called to-night at the Landing Athletic Club to express the indignation of the community for his arrest. Speeches will be made by Hayes and his lawyers, Thomas H. Hagerty and former Senator Thomas Brown.

What probably annoyed the liberated youth is this: Three months he spent in the navy during the war, but when he returned to New Brunswick only his family met him and called him a hero. He got a small job in a lunch room, but it didn't last. For a long time he was looking for a charge which landed him in a cell.

When he returned to New Brunswick yesterday practically the whole town turned out. He came in a blue automobile between two lawyers. Outside his home were soldiers and parked there were cars of the best people in town. There were shouts, handclaps, pretty girls and everything. All were glad to meet him socially. He could be a movie star, could be elected to office, perhaps, or get a job in the bank. The only thing that was different was his collar cup, the wag of whose tail was just the same.

And while this is going on Raymond Schneider is held incommunicado in the detention room at the Somerset jail. What is going to happen to him no one seems to know. The Prisoner has announced he will decide to-day what to do with him.

The State police have never given up the idea that members of the families of the murdered couple may know more about the murders than they have told so far, and they are still working in the direction. Nor are they satisfied the playing took place on the farm where the bodies were found.

In his first statement Schneider said he was not on the farm. Pearl Bahmer and Hayes confessed the two weeks ago. The Prisoner said: "They both lied against you, you lied too?" Prosecutor Beekman asked him.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Did you not make that statement at that time to protect yourself against a charge of murder?" Beekman asked.

"No, sir," answered Schneider. No evidence was adduced to show Schneider was on the farm the night of the murders. In fact, on that point Schneider said: "Hayes wasn't there and I wasn't, either."

Counsel for Hayes moved that he be discharged. Prosecutor Beekman said he could not oppose the motion. He said he might need Hayes at some future time as a witness. Counsel said he would be produced any time he was wanted, and Justice Sutphen granted the motion, releasing him.

Hayes then walked over to Schneider, held out his right hand, shook Schneider's and forgave him. Schneider merely looked sheepish.

If the accusation had made a blot on young Hayes' life, there was every evidence, when he reached his home in New Brunswick, that it was not an indelible one. Word of his release had been telephoned from Somerville and it spread like radio. School-boys, strangers, men, women with infants in arms, boys with footballs and girls with children, all came to see him. A red dirt side of a car was seen on a red dirt side of a car.

They were headed by four-and-a-half-year-old Willie Johnson came to the door.

"My mamma says," said Willie, "that perhaps white folks wouldn't mind having us colored children come around to say how glad they are Mr. Cliff is home."

Owney McDowen, ninety-two years old, two-eyes sage of the Sixth Ward, felt his way up the steps, straight out Clifford Hayes, threw aside both canes and put his hands on the boy's shoulders.

"They can't beat the good old fella," he said. "No lie can keep a good man down."

Mrs. C. O. Harkins, a neighbor, who happened to be on the car on which Mrs. Mills went out to the Phillips farm to keep the engagement with Mr. Hall from which she never returned, and also saw Mr. Hall following her, fainting with a scream as she crossed the threshold of the house.

The Elks and Knights of Columbus detachments in the Columbus Day parade formed their lines again after the parade was dismissed and marched to the Hayes home and filed through the little frame house, shaking hands with the boy and his parents.

John Schneider, father of the boy who accused Hayes of murder to make sure that Hayes would not be a large part of the parade. He was the only one who was not in the parade. He was the only one who was not in the parade.

Along about 7 o'clock, Mrs. Hayes went out to the door and lobby invited everybody in the street. It was crowded with a roving, milling crowd from one end of the block to the other to "come in and have a cup of tea with a woman who was so happy she felt like a bride."

A hundred or more accepted the invitation. Joe Hayes and Gerry, a still younger brother, were kept busy running to the grocery to replenish the supply for hospitality.

Over every one, under foot, bumping, whining happily, barking all through the tearfully happy evening, was Rex, Clifford Hayes' collie pup. **SCHNEIDER'S MOTHER SURE HE'S INNOCENT.**

Mrs. Schneider, an invalid, made more ill as a result of the torment she had suffered, was told Hayes had been released because her son had repudiated the charges he had made, but that her son was still held.

"I wish I had the strength to go to Mrs. Hayes," she said slowly. "My mother-heart goes out to her mother-heart. I believed in her Clifford as I believed in and still believe in my own Raymond."

"My Raymond will come home to me yet. I must watch and wait every minute of the day and night until he comes."

Schneider's recantation, made before the hearing was questioned by Mr. Beekman, read in part:

Q. "In that statement you said: 'Just as soon as the shots were fired at the crabapple tree and the woman and man were killed, then I knew a mistake had been made, because they did not come to be Mr. Bahmer and Pearl, because it did not look like them from a distance. What made me say that was because Pearl did not have a hat. When she first started out going up George Street when I first saw her and her father I saw a hat. I did not see what color it was. Then it was in back of her about a foot, in back of her head, lying on the ground. When I looked the man was not dressed as I saw Mr. Bahmer dressed when he was coming up. Then I knew that a mistake had been made and that some one else had been killed instead of Mr. Bahmer and Pearl. I was then about four feet from the bodies. I am not getting my imagination mixed up on Thursday with what I saw on Saturday. At this time I was about four feet from the bodies and I did not see the struggle. At this time Clifford Hayes stood on the left-hand side of the bodies, I standing on the right, and the bodies were between us. I did not see where Clifford put the pistol. Then I walked toward Dr. Bussey's Lane and went to the lane and then walked toward Easton Avenue. Then Clifford Hayes overtook me on the lane near Easton Avenue. This was about fifteen or twenty minutes later than the shooting happened. It was 1 o'clock or 1:30 A. M.' Was that statement true or untrue?"

A. "Absolutely untrue."

**SCHNEIDER'S LAWYER SURPRISED HE'S HELD.**  
Walter C. Sedam, Schneider's lawyer.

## EVERY HOPWOOD ANALYZES HALL CASE AND FINDS WOMAN MURDERED RECTOR

Hayes was in any way directly concerned with the tragedy. And I do not believe that the crime was an accidental one. It is, of course, quite possible that some one might have fired the fatal shots under the mistaken impression that they were directed at some pair other than Hall and Mrs. Mills. But any one who had been guilty of such a tragic error would hardly have carried out the rest of the crime—the shooting of Mrs. Mills' neck. The tragedy occurred on a bright starlight night and I do not believe that any one could have mutilated Mrs. Mills under the impression that she was another woman.

There remains the theory with which we are confronted:

**3—A Crime of Jealousy or Revenge.** The hypothesis seems the most reasonable of all. The dead man and the woman who was murdered with him were, to the best of our knowledge, extremely intimate. The dead man had been popular in his parish, particularly with the female members of his congregation.

If the Hall-Mills mystery is solved the hand of a woman will, I think, be found behind the crime. I do not say that it was necessarily a woman who actually committed the murder. Some man or men may have done the killing for her.

Personally, I think that a woman was the killer. The whole thing looks to me like a "woman's crime." The fact is significant to me, that Mrs. Mills was mutilated, while the body of the Rev. Hall was spared. I am certain that whoever committed the crime was aware of the relationship which existed between Hall and Mrs. Mills. This unidentified person tracked them on the night of the tragedy—crept upon them—discovered them in a position of intimacy, and fired the shots which put an end, forever, to that intimacy and to the two principals who figured in it. And then, when the dreadful deed had been done and the last ghastly touch had been put to the crime—when the figure of mystery, having slashed the throat of Mrs. Mills, rose, and turned a white face to the stars, I believe that the stars, looking down, saw the face of a woman.

Once more we are forced to admit the wisdom of the Frenchman who advised "Cherchez la femme."

**"LOOK FOR THE WOMAN."**

## U. S. SHIPS STAY DRY THEY ARE AMERICAN IS HARDING RULING

Government-Owned Vessels Cannot Have Liquors Under Volstead Law.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—United States Shipping Board vessels will remain dry regardless of the outcome of the injunction proceedings brought in New York on behalf of the American privately-owned ships. It was announced to-day by Chairman Lusk.

President Harding holds, the Chairman said, that Government-owned vessels are American territory and, under Attorney General Daugherty's ruling, come under the terms of the Volstead Act, regardless of whether the American private ships succeed in remaining wet.

Prohibition officials said to-day that enforcement of the new ban against liquor on ships probably will be stayed generally until Oct. 15 as a result of the restraining order turnable on that date, issued by Federal Judge Hand of New York.

J. J. Britt, chief counsel of the Prohibition unit, declared, that although technically the restraining order would halt enforcement of the new ruling only in Judge Hand's district, "by implication" the stay would also apply throughout the country generally.

Mr. Britt conferred with Secretary Mellon prior to the meeting of the Cabinet to-day, discussing the draft of the notice to be sent to ship owners and the temporary instructions to customs officers being drawn up for their guidance in clamping down the lid on liquor aboard ships. It was indicated that the subject was one of those to come up for discussion by the Cabinet with a view to drawing a general policy.

Apparently they told another story to their parents when they took it home. It is a dull, short-bladed thing, of the type sold for 5 or 8 cents; it is obviously not the keen instrument with which the murderer or some one following the murderer tried to lacerate Mrs. Mills.

## FRENCH SHIP CREWS NOT THE LEAST DRY

Passengers Parched, Sailors, Smiling, Wipe Their Lips.

The crews of French liners in this port to-day are enjoying red and white wine with their meals, just as if they were home in France and just as if Attorney General Daugherty had never said a word about the international effect of the Volstead act.

La France came in with the dryest lot of passengers she ever carried. They hadn't had a drop since passing the three-mile limit. But the crew were even more merry than usual, laughing at the parched appearance of the wealthy first cabin people, whose money was useless at the bar.

There was a rumor at the ship news office that the crew of the Rochambeau were grumbling about the lack of wine, but investigation proved that they, too, had their regular allowance. Arthur T. Henderson, general passenger agent of the French line, said his understanding was that the injunction granted by Judge Hand in the Cunard line case was applicable to all other foreign ships in the waters. He said the crews would continue to have their wine at least for the present.

## BRITISH PROTEST DRY SHIP RULING

LONDON, Oct. 13 (Associated Press).—Unless an injunction is granted the Cunard Line, the British Government probably will protest formally, through the Foreign Office, against the ruling prohibiting liquors on foreign ships in American waters, it was stated in official quarters to-day. Officials here, however, expressed the opinion that an objection will be granted in the American courts.

It is understood the Government takes the attitude of remaining in the background and allowing the private lines to take the lead, but that it will intervene in the event of the failure of these efforts.

## "DRYS" PROTEST DAUGHERTY RULING

When the United States liner President Harding came into port to-day from Hamburg the wine room was wide open but the bar was hermetically sealed. A radio received on Tuesday night caused Capt. Paul C. Green to order the bar closed immediately.

Wednesday morning the passengers were greeted with the notice of no more liquor. The "wets" who had patronized the bar, took the order philosophically and without protest, excepting the stewards to the "drys," those who had never been inside the wine room, were indignant. They protested loudly at the "outrage."

A passenger on board was W. M. Bullitt, special counsel to the United States Shipping Board. He refused to comment on Daugherty's ruling but said he might issue a statement later in the day from the office of the Shipping Board.

## BIRNBAUM WANTS SEIZED CARPETS

Application was made to-day before Justice Learned Hand in the Federal Court by Robert Elder, representing Morley E. Birnbaum, for the return of \$100,000 worth of carpets and rugs seized by the United States authorities. Birnbaum is President of the Standard Carpet Company, No. 319 East 44th Street. The cellar of the place was raided last week by Prohibition officers and a valuable store of liquor reported seized. It was found in a walled off section of the cellar.

Following the seizure of the liquor the carpets and rugs in the place were taken. Birnbaum in his application, which will be argued on Tuesday next, says that he is not the owner of the liquor and had no knowledge of its presence. He says he bought the cellar to Michael Moran, a truckman, and had no control of the property.

## Clifford Hayes, His Mother's Kiss, and Man Still Held in Murder Case



CLIFFORD HAYES... MRS. HAYES GREETING HER SON.

## Boy Wizard a Chess Master, Winning From French Champion

Samuel Rzeschewski, No Longer "Boy Prodigy," Dis-plays More Coolness Than Veterans in Games.

Ten-year-old Samuel Rzeschewski, the little chess wizard, stepped definitely out of the "freak" class to-day—if he ever really belonged there—and assumed the dignified position of an established master of the game. He is now legitimately entitled to his place in the little International society of experts headed by Capablanca, the holder of the world's championship.

It is admitted that there is no player in the world, not even Capablanca himself, who could give the little boy the handicap of a single pawn and reasonably hope to win. Last night the boy forced the champion of France, David Janowski, to surrender. And Janowski is a veteran player who has won games from the best in the world, including Capablanca.

It is true that the boy lost to Edward Lasker and got only a draw from Charles Jaffe, but this was the boy's first experience in playing a group of top-notchers in a regular masters' tournament. Through it all he was cooler than some of the veterans, never losing patience even in games that took eight or nine hours of strenuous thinking.

The games were played at the Chess Club International in West Fourth Street near Sixth Avenue, where the tournament is still in progress this afternoon and will be continued this evening.

A. B. Hodges, President of the club, in recognition of the boy's brilliant victory over Janowski, gave him the permanent use of a private room in the club, which hereafter will be the boy's headquarters. He was proud of becoming "landlord" of that room that was his of his remarkable game. And now there is a sign on the door reading "Samuel Rzeschewski, Private Office." These he will meet his challengers and there his secretary will meet those who wish to arrange for exhibitions.

## BOY WHO TORTURED POLICEMAN'S WIFE EVADES CAPTURE

(Continued.)

money and jewelry, and he not only burned her body severely with matches and a cigarette, but threatened to cut her throat if she made an outcry.

Mrs. Schultz, by a ruse, managed to get the burglar out of her room and then she freed herself of her bonds and screamed for help. The burglar took to his heels, his only booty being \$10 he took from Mrs. Schultz's pocketbook. He hid in the woods to the west of the Schultz home, but though the police searched there he was not found. When he fled he left behind the knife with which he had threatened Mrs. Schultz, a piece of pocket cutlery with a curved and sharply pointed blade. One of its horn-side-pieces is missing. Also he left an iron bar with which, it was said, he had struck Mrs. Schultz. The police hope to get some trace of him through the dilapidated knife.

Equipped only with a description of the youth—that he was about nineteen years old and wore a cap—the police, in their search for young Magin, who fired the shot that killed Thomas Costello, twenty-four, of No. 1375 Columbus Avenue, Far Rockaway. He had a severe cut on his right hand, and after this had been treated at St. Mary's Hospital, Jamaica, he was arrested in the search for young Magin.

A photograph of him was shown to Mrs. Schultz, but she promptly declared he was not the man who had tortured her and he was released.

Mrs. Schultz, who had been sick, was doing in her bedroom on the second floor of her home yesterday afternoon when some one shook her shoulder. She looked up to see a youth about 19, cap pulled down over his eyes with a cigarette in his mouth. Before she could raise up in bed or

make an outcry he put his hand against her mouth and pushing her back said: "Don't make a sound. Don't move. Where do you keep your money and jewelry?"

In breaking through the basement the robber had picked up an iron bar, which stood against the bed within reach. In one hand he held the curved knife. Terrified by the knowledge that her husband and sixteen-year-old son were away and he was alone, Mrs. Schultz told him she had no money or valuables.

"Quit your lying," he said. "Where's the money? If you don't tell me I'll cut your throat." He waved the knife in front of her face and then struck her with the bar. She told him again she had no money.

He threw back the bedclothes, and tearing her nightgown from him to neck, took the lighted cigarette from his mouth.

corn were put outside at 5: the Captain left the steamer a little after 10: the West Farlon arrived about 2:30 in the afternoon; by 3:45 the last boatload of castaways had been hauled aboard the West Farlon, and that ship—her every corner crowded with cargo and human salvage—lay to a mile from the first-saved vessel and all hands watched her burn.

The Thomas sent word she was coming to take the passengers from the overcrowded West Farlon. Her officers planned to transfer them early to-day rather than risk accident in the darkness of the early morning, and will bring them to San Francisco. They had been bound for Los Angeles.

There, just before the Thomas reached the West Farlon, the story was broken this morning, for shore radio stations ceased communicating with the vessels so that the West Farlon's radio might be used to guide the transport to her. The cessation left much untold—the cause of the fire, the reason it spread with such rapidity, the details of the fight against it and those more gripping details that made up the story of the flight in the lifeboats and the rescue.

What time there had been before the break, the radio of the West Farlon was busy with reports to Government agents—the City of Honolulu and the West Farlon both were Shipping Board vessels—messages to the owners and a brief bulletin or two to reiterate the word that all were safe. There was no opportunity for the story of the fire to be transmitted. Rescuers and rescued were too much distraught to spend much time telling of their experiences.

They did find time to write and sign and have sent a message expressing their appreciation of the fight made by Capt. R. H. Lester, of the City of Honolulu, against the fire and his care for their comfort and safety afterward and of the unselfish service of Capt. Walk's rescue.

SICK MOTHER DIES, SO LITTLE ANNETTE TRIES TO END LIFE

(Continued.)

steadily, without looking up. "But I am going to die. I want to go where my mother is. She may not need me any more, but I need her. She reached under her pillow and took from it a bottle and put it to her lips.

The women jumped at her and knocked the bottle from her hand, but she had swallowed nearly half of the iodine it contained.

Policeman Lardine heard the woman's screams and, as soon as he learned what happened, telephoned to Fordham Hospital. Ambulance Surgeon Craig came and gave Annette a lot of starch solution and then took her to the hospital, where it was said she will soon recover from the effects of the poison.

A vacation ground for 200 or more boys and girls of the stage and movies is now assured by the purchase of four acres of land and buildings at Navesink, N. J., by the Stage Children's Fund, Inc. The incorporation of this fund was approved to-day by Supreme Court Justice O'Malley.

J. J. Shubert is honorary President of the new corporation. Other officials include Mrs. M. J. Shubert, President; Theodor Bara, Vice President; Mrs. Grace Van Tine, Treasurer; Mrs. E. Sarah Dickman, Secretary. Many prominent stage people are among the directors.

## STAGE FOLK PURCHASE PLAYGROUND FOR KIDS

rest, cutting off the vessel from wireless communication, as she has no relief operator. Orth's last message was that he was going to seek rest for a short time, according to Struthers and Barry, agents for the ship here.

It was considered improbable by the agents that the rescue boat would be asked to remain with the Honolulu until the doomed boat was gone enough to admit of a tow cable from the Farlon being taken aboard. It was indicated that the Farlon would remain, however, until regular salvage boats arrived.

Two messages sent by the Thomas to-day by Army Transport Headquarters here were made public upon their receipt. The first said that the Thomas was alongside the West Farlon at 3 A. M. and the second said that it had been decided to wait until dawn to transfer the passengers, "as they are asleep." According to this last message the West Farlon advised the Thomas that it did not have proper accommodations for the passengers and crew of the City of Honolulu.

The second message gave the list from the City of Honolulu as thirty-nine women, thirty-five men and 157 members of the crew.

The radio and the help near at hand stand responsible to-day for the safety of 217 persons, the ship's company of the steamer, City of Honolulu, which burned yesterday.

Early yesterday, while she was 670 miles off San Pedro, Cal., fire broke out in the second class cabins of the steamer, one-time pride of the North Atlantic Line and more recently by leader of the Los Angeles Steamship Company's new Honolulu service. Unaccountably the flames gained such headway on the fighting crew that, two hours later, it was necessary to abandon ship. But before that time came the radio had sent out its "S. O. S."

Two ships, the Enterprise of the Matson line and the Thomas, an army transport, westbound, from Hawaii, caught the signal and turned toward the position the operator had given. A pleasure yacht, the Casiana, cruising to Honolulu, with a party, including Croswen Anderson, brother-in-law of the owner, E. L. Doheny, and party of friends aboard, caught the appeal and hastened that way. Los Angeles caught the signals and navy vessels stood by to race with death to the scene of the fire. San Francisco caught the signals and went and until a distant ship also was speeding toward the scene.

It was that ship, the West Farlon, M. M. Walk, Master, that effected the rescue. But she did not get there until more than four hours after the flames had forced the Captain, his First Officer, the Chief Engineer and the Radio Operator to leave the blazing hulk.

The fire broke out between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning; the passengers were put outside at 5: the Captain left the steamer a little after 10: the West Farlon arrived about 2:30 in the afternoon; by 3:45 the last boatload of castaways had been hauled aboard the West Farlon, and that ship—her every corner crowded with cargo and human salvage—lay to a mile from the first-saved vessel and all hands watched her burn.

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THE WORLD

CHIEF, CHARLOTTE Campbell

Funeral Home, 1540, 16th St., 10 A.M.

MAKLEY, DORA, Campbell Funeral

Church, Friday, 11 A.M. Auspicious

Funeral.